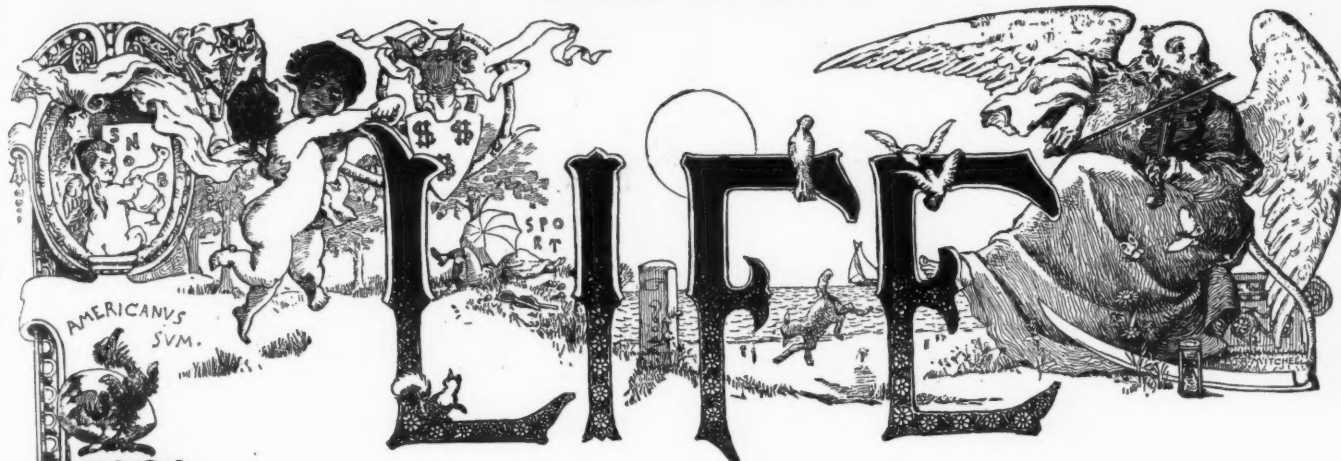


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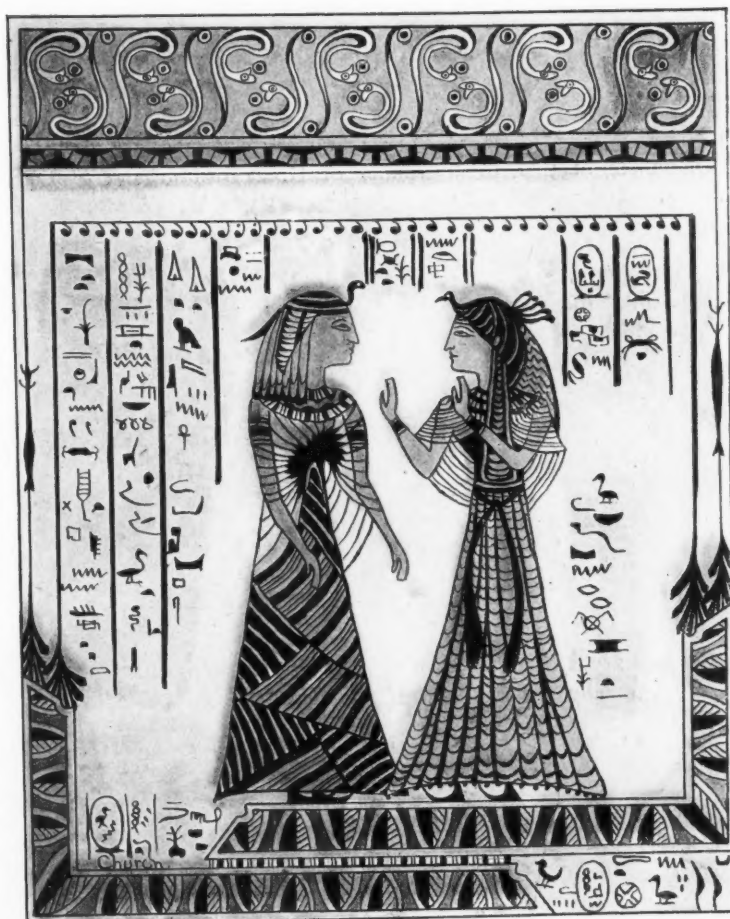
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EVEN AS TO-DAY.

"WHY DOST THOU SUPPOSE, O IRAS, THAT THERE ARE MEN ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GLOBE?"
"BECAUSE I BELIEVE THAT THE EARTH REVOLVES, AND I *know* THERE ARE NOT MEN ENOUGH ON
THIS SIDE TO GO ROUND."

EXHIBITION OF KODAK PICTURES

AT THE
NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN,
Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue.

COMPETITION SECTION. In this division will be shown a selection made from 25,000 entries received in a competition recently closed in which the Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y., offered 130 prizes amounting in value to \$3,000.00. Among the exhibits are all of the prize pictures and work from all parts of the world and from many photographic workers of international reputation.

LOAN SECTION. In the loan collection are included thirty enlargements made by permission from Kodak negatives by members of the Royal Family of Great Britain and over 200 others from negatives loaned by people who are prominent in the Social or Photographic World.

TECHNICAL SECTION. In the Technical Gallery will be displayed much that is interesting to the photographer and to the layman. Examples of X-Ray work, the action of different chemicals used in developing plates and films, and in toning papers, and many interesting photographs upon various textures are among the exhibits.

Open Daily [except Sunday], January 4th to January 15th, both inclusive,
10 a. m. to 10 p. m.

MUSIC: 2 to 6 and 8 to 10 p.m.

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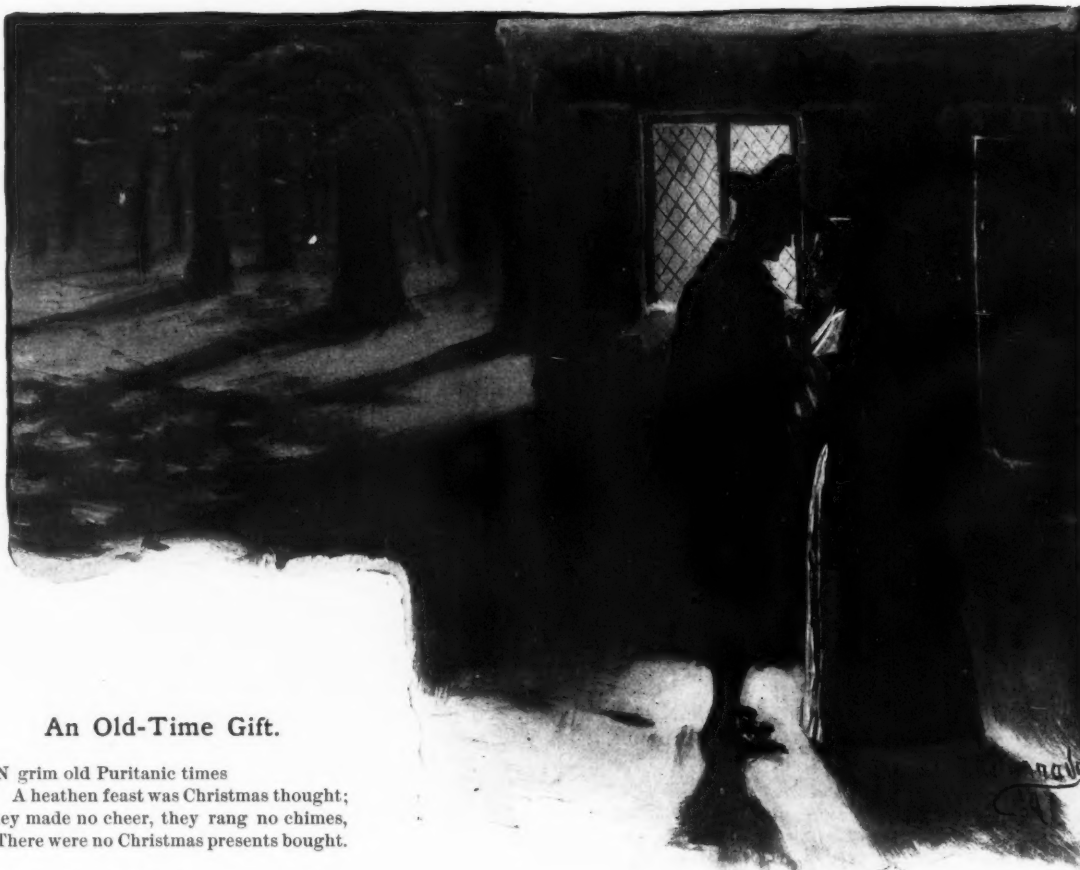
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[SEAMAN.]

·LIFE·



An Old-Time Gift.

IN grim old Puritanic times
A heathen feast was Christmas thought;
They made no cheer, they rang no chimes,
There were no Christmas presents bought.

Yet Dorothy and Samuel,
Two centuries and more ago,
On Christmas Eve at curfew bell
Stood close together in the snow.

And standing there so sweet and prim,
All quivering with fear and cold,
Her timid red lips gave to him
A Christmas gift worth more than gold.

I do not care for crochet ties,
Nor slippers made of brodered crash;
Tobacco pouches I despise,
And poor cigars and silver trash.

But this the best of gifts would be—
Yet how dare I such treason tell?—
If Gladys would bestow on me
What Dorothy gave Samuel.

Abbie Farwell Brown.

Matters of Interest.

LIFE is hoping that his friends will encourage, by their presence and by their purses, the Musical and Dramatic Breakfasts at the Astoria in aid of our Fresh-Air Fund. The dollars thus spent will bring both pleasure and profit to needy children in the coming summer. The best artists freely give their services, and there is no doubt as to the quality of the entertainment.

It is not many times in your life that you get the chance of being so very good while having lots of fun.

Full particulars will be published in

our next issue. In the meantime, any information can be had at LIFE's Office, Nineteen West Thirty-first Street.

A High Bid for the Female Vote.

CANDIDATE (addressing Wyoming audience): "My opponent talks very glibly of his men's conscia recti. Let me tell him that what we need in this country is men's and women's conscia recti." (Deafening applause.)

IT is very seldom that we seriously regret anything we didn't say.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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DR. FELIX ADLER, in an Ethical Culture sermon at Carnegie Hall, complains of the social discrimination against Jews in this country.

He says it is unchristian, and so it is. So far as it exists it is a bad thing, that needs to have excuses made for it. One excuse is the instinct of self-preservation. So many Jews are so indomitably and sometimes unscrupulously shrewd and persistent, that their competition is everywhere feared. Their disposition to inherit the earth seems to be so conspicuously in process of fulfillment that it makes other folks somewhat wary of them. But what is at the base of social discrimination against them is the sentiment, based really more on observation than prejudice, that a remarkably large proportion of even the more successful Jews are not altogether nice. Their manners and ways make their company unacceptable. A place filled with them is apt to be unpleasant to other folks. That is not because they are of the Jewish race or of the Jewish religion, but because so many of them are somewhat noisy and somewhat greedy; because their taste in dress and ornament is not admired; because they lack distinction and ease of manner. There are no race hatreds in this country, thank Heaven! No anti-Semitic party. If the Jews, taken by and large, were just as "nice" as other people, there would be no marked objection to their company. Summer hotels would welcome them, and they would be better used.

One would like to say: "All that will come right in time. The Jews in Amer-

ica will mix in with the other Americans and lose their peculiarities." Would that they might, but they don't mix. They are Jews from inveterate preference. They intermarry with one another. Their religion makes them inconvenient spouses for Christians, and they promise to be Jews until the last trump sounds. Their social separation is in large part their own choice, and is part of the price of being a separate people.

Of course many Jews are refined and delightful, and are welcomed in the best society. That is as it should be. The other and more prevalent state of things ought not to exist. No good American should lose any chance to mitigate it. So far as disparagement of Jews is based on theory, it ought to be abolished. So far as it is a condition based on facts and practical reasons, it will have to work itself out on practical lines. None of us can prescribe playmates to his fellow. If Jews are truthful, clean, courteous and modest, other folks will be glad to have them around. If they are grasping, greasy, over-eager and under-bred, other folks will try to avoid them.

The saddest part of the whole problem is that there is sure to be so much vicarious atonement about it. Jews are so linked together that there is a tendency toward sweeping conclusions about the whole race. The result of that is that the kind suffer from the defects of the ungentle, and that now and then admirable people, in every way worthy of respect, suffer cruel slights for which no redress is possible. That evil it is every good man's business to fight when the chance offers. The really important work that is done for American Jews must be done by Jews, but still it is a good act of casual piety to promote civility toward Jews, just as it is to throw a brickbat at a member of the A. P. A.

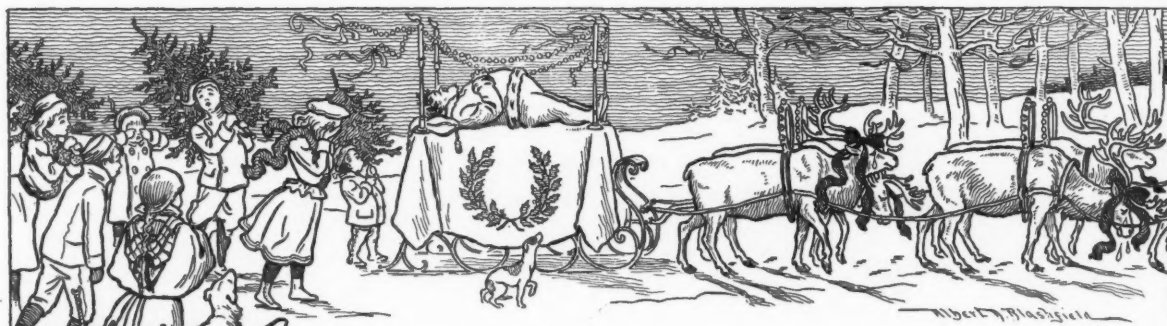


THERE is significance in the reports that appear from day to day that the future rulers of New York are in session at Lakewood. Lakewood is a very nice place, but it is known as a favorite retreat of the weary and heavy-laden who feel the need of repose and mild air. That Tammany resorts there so much may reasonably be taken to in-

dicate that the Tammany leaders are neither so young as they were nor so tough, and that, on the whole, is rather a reassuring reflection. Be it known to all men, and especially to our friends in England, who sincerely believe the Greater New York has fallen a prey to a savage and unscrupulous monster, that Tammany shows signs of being human and mortal. Immediately after the election Mr. Croker fled to the hot springs of Virginia for his health. It is announced that Mr. Sheehan has gone to the hot springs of Arkansas or to Cape May, or some other salubrious region, for his health. Certainly Tammany is impaired. Its statesmen show that solicitude for recuperation which is characteristic of respectability and means. They have to take care of their health. They have developed a liver, and it is reasonable to hope that they may take the next step and develop a conscience. The head men of Tammany husband their strength, are abstemious, eat somewhat sparingly, and are careful to sleep not less than seven hours at night. These are symptoms of debility, and also of mental labor. Men who think hard behave so. Tammany must be doing a heap of thinking in these days. We shall see what comes of it.



CONGRESS, up to this writing, has done nothing very reprehensible, but seems exceptionally disposed to keep its head. It lags over Hawaii, delays ignition over Cuba, and has even listened to remonstrances about the abuses of our blessed pension system. Members of the House have publicly expressed a doubt whether it was inconsistent with due gratitude to the saviors of the nation that young women should be discouraged from marrying very aged and infirm veterans with a view to enjoying the provision that Uncle Samuel makes for soldiers' widows. These doubters have been patiently heard, which is encouraging. The cost of pensions at present is over \$140,000,000, which considerably exceeds the revenue from the Dingley law. The present pension system being a Republican achievement, it is, on the whole, satisfactory that the burden of providing the funds that it calls for should rest for the present upon the party which invented it.



LIFE feels undubitably sure that the following letter was written in a moment of melancholia, and is not only premature, but a great mistake. Immortality is the special gift of our old friend, and so long as *LIFE* and the children stand by him his mission will never be superfluous.

A Farewell from Santa Claus.

MY FRIENDS: I call you friends, because you of this generation have all known me and can bear me no ill will. But I am told that my days are numbered, and, while your children may perhaps remember me, their children shall know me not at all, except as a tradition. The people who set their faces against all joy in the world save that of singing psalms and punishing misdoers, have said that I am a lie. To be sure I am a lie. I have never denied it. But has the lie to which I owe my being ever done any harm? Has any child ever grown up to blame his parents because they said I was true? Ah, friends, I know that I must die, but before I go from this world, where pleasant things are not too many, I would say a word of fond farewell to those who may perhaps cherish my memory.

I die because those who preach the tenderness of Christ to little children say that those parents lie sinfully who mask their own tender impulses under a gentle fable to please their little ones. Santa Claus was always the friend of good and trusting children. That they believed in him was a sign of the goodness of the parents who begat them. The children who believed not in him were the children of evil parents, who never cared for the happiness of their offspring.

In all my long life I have typified only one thing—the love of children's happiness. I may have been wrong to masquerade as a feeling which all kindly people have, but in these, my dying days, I cannot believe I have ever harmed anyone.

No discovery of Science has killed me. I was too small a lie to be worthy of the serious warfare of scientific truth. The fine weapons of those who, under the garb of religion, are always looking for wrong in others, have laid me low. Poor Santa Claus departs this earth, not because he did wrong, but because he could not survive

the attacks of those who regard happiness as a sin.

Believe me, friends, I go peacefully. I never had any real reason for existence. Kindly people would always have been kind to their children without my aid. The best I could do was only to add a little to the joys of childhood. You know, yourselves, if you will only look back, that Christmas was not much more in your childhood than the Fourth of July. One instilled the love of fire-crackers and possibly of patriotism, while the other enhanced only the joys of family life and the love of home, and what home represents in the life of man and woman. One was fact and the other sentiment. In these days of modern Science and modern Christianity sentiment has no place. Love of home should be abandoned to birds and beasts and brute creatures, who have neither Science nor Religion to guide them.

From you, friends, who knew me in your childhood and have no unkindly memories of Santa Claus, I would not part. That I have been done to death, in what I thought was the house of my friends, you will regret perhaps more than I. You, who knew me when I lived and was real, will perhaps, as you look at your little children on Christmas Day, be sorry that they too do not know me as you did. But do not grieve, my friends. In Germany, where the word "Fatherland" was born; in Holland, from whose sturdy patriots some of you sprang; in other countries where truth rules, the lie I represent still lives. America is a great and prosperous country. Perhaps those are good Americans who hold it a mark of genuine progress that its future generations of children shall have no imaginations, and shall know nothing of

Him who loved you
when you were children,
SANTA CLAUS.





Mrs. Bear : COME, CHILDREN, DINNER IS READY.

A Lover's Request.

KNIT me a stocking, Mollie dear,
A stocking large and strong,
That I may hang on Christmas Eve
When chimes burst forth in song.
And make it good to look upon,
I beg you, Mollie, love,
So fair, 'twill fill with envy all
The Seraphim above.
Knit of the purest gold, sweet,
The purest, dost thou hear?
Unto its texture let no dross
Of any kind come near. *
For I have seen St. Nicholas,
And he has promised me
The fairest gift on God's glad earth
My very own shall be.
So make it fit for what shall come
That night to bless my days,
That Santa Claus shall bring to me
To gladden all my ways;
And as for size, O Mollie dear,
Be careful that your art
Makes it just right to closely hold
Your own belovéd heart!

John Kendrick Bangs.

HOW full of familiar faces the other world must appear to a successful medical man!

Making Them Useful.

"ALTHOUGH the football season is over, there is still a useful field for the employment of players," said Cumso.

"Doing what?" asked Cawker.

"Punting for Christmas shoppers."

Kentucky Orators as Rivals in Love.

IT'S a great thing to be a writer from a State that is proud of itself and of its people. That's an immense advantage that a novelist has who was born in Massachusetts, Virginia or Kentucky. He knows that, however cold at first may be the rest of the country towards his work, there will be one fine constituency that will open his book with a heart predisposed to receive him graciously. The consciousness of such good-will warms the writer while he works, and the glow remains in his pages. It is contagious, and the reader from an alien State participates in it—proud that at least he belongs to the same federation.

When John Fox, Jr. wrote "The Kentuckians" (Harper) he must have been conscious that he was playing to a fine audience. Merely to mention the Blue Grass or the Cumberland range puts the reader in a romantic frame of mind. But Mr. Fox is not a purveyor of Hawthornesque romance, with history and tradition and poetical imagery crowding its pages as they do under the skilful hand of Mr. James Lane Allen. He is very modern in his methods, and realistic in his subjects. The people of Kentucky as they are to-day interest him immensely. Mr. Fox's previous books have shown the wild life of the mountaineers, with its strange mixture of religion and bloodshed. In this book he has cleverly brought the crude force of the mountaineers into contrast with the civil-

ization of the Blue Grass in the persons of two representatives—gifted with oratory—who meet on the floor of the House, and soon develop into rival lovers of the Governor's daughter.

The story moves from the very first page, and the two orators have an immediate reality. The atmosphere of the quiet old capital, the revelation of the oratorical temperament in two very different types of men, and the restraint shown in the most melodramatic episodes, are all elements of strength in a clear-cut, well-told story. It is an advance upon any of the author's short stories, and is comparatively free from dialect, which is only used for certain minor characters.

It is almost alone among recent American stories in dealing with political and social questions as they appeal to men of affairs. It is a love story, but the men play earnestly at another kind of game, as most men do.

* * *

THE HOLIDAY PICTURE BOOKS are this year of unusual richness. R. H. Russell displays a great deal of originality and good taste in his art books. His "Drawings by Frederic Remington" is the best bid that that artist has yet made for permanent reputation as the faithful depicter of phases of frontier life that are already almost things of the past. In a decade Remington's drawings will be the only faithful record of an era in our growth that will each year grow more romantic—like the feuds of the Scotch Highlanders.

"An Almanac of Twelve Sports," by William Nicholson, displays that artist's cleverness with a few flat tints, accompanied with a handful of verses by Kipling, not very good ones, but

God knows you can enter the game
If you'll only pay for the same.
And the price of the game is a candle—
One single flickering candle!

Mr. Russell has also made a handsome portfolio out of Mr. Gibson's six characteristic Dickens sketches.

Gibson's best answer to those easy critics who accuse him of repeating the same types is his collected drawings in "London as Seen by C. D. Gibson" (Scribner). Almost every face in this series is drawn from some man or woman who is known in London. They are sketches from reality, and many admirable portraits are evident in them—such as Du Maurier, General Sir Evelyn Wood, Phil May, Sergeant Charley. Together they exhibit a sustained power of interpretation and a unity of design that Mr. Gibson has never revealed in detached, unrelated drawings.

Zogbaum's book of "All Hands" (Harper) is his best work, and the fruit of intimate acquaintance through many years with the life of American sailors afloat.

Droch.



him to their arms with matchless fervor. And why? Because it is necessary that they should gush over something, and Commander Hornblower unites all the qualities of a popular lecturer with the brass of a foreign author.

The only thing that the Commander has to fear on his return is Mrs. Hornblower. This estimable lady called at this office a few days since, with tears in her eyes and a dagger concealed beneath her skirt-waist. She had seen the picture of Miss Belle Bunker, she said, and was anxiously waiting to interview her husband on his arrival home. She would also like to see Miss Bunker. The Commander, no doubt, would find it very cold at the Pole, but she would make it

warm enough for him when he got back. She was informed that the true interests of science demanded Miss Bunker's constant attendance on the *Same Old Game*, but this had no effect. She became violent, and will, no doubt, have to be put in a sanitarium. This is her husband's only hope.

Latest advices *a la* carrier-pigeon from Commander Hornblower are as follows:

Dec. 15.—We are now within five miles of the Pole. This morning we weighed anchor in Halifax Harbor, and I slapped on everything the old girl had. With everything sheeted home, from the skysails to the spanker boom, the hatches battened down, two lookouts on the bowsprit with pitchforks to fender off the icebergs, the bartender at his post and the crew asleep, we sped on northward.

At eight bells we passed Newfoundland with flying colors, at two bells we were at Capes North and Farewell, and at noon I came up on deck, after a charming *tête-à-tête* with Miss Sadie Greene, our stowaway, to hear the natives cheer us at Sukkertoppen Godthaab. We slid through Baffin's Bay at three bells in the afternoon watch, and at Ward's Island, with the log showing two hundred knots an hour, I opened a small bottle in the after-cabin in view of Cape Washington. This afternoon in the dog-watch we left Lockwood Island in our wake, and we are now, as the Chinese gong rings for dinner, almost in sight of our goal. I must go below and put on my evening clothes.

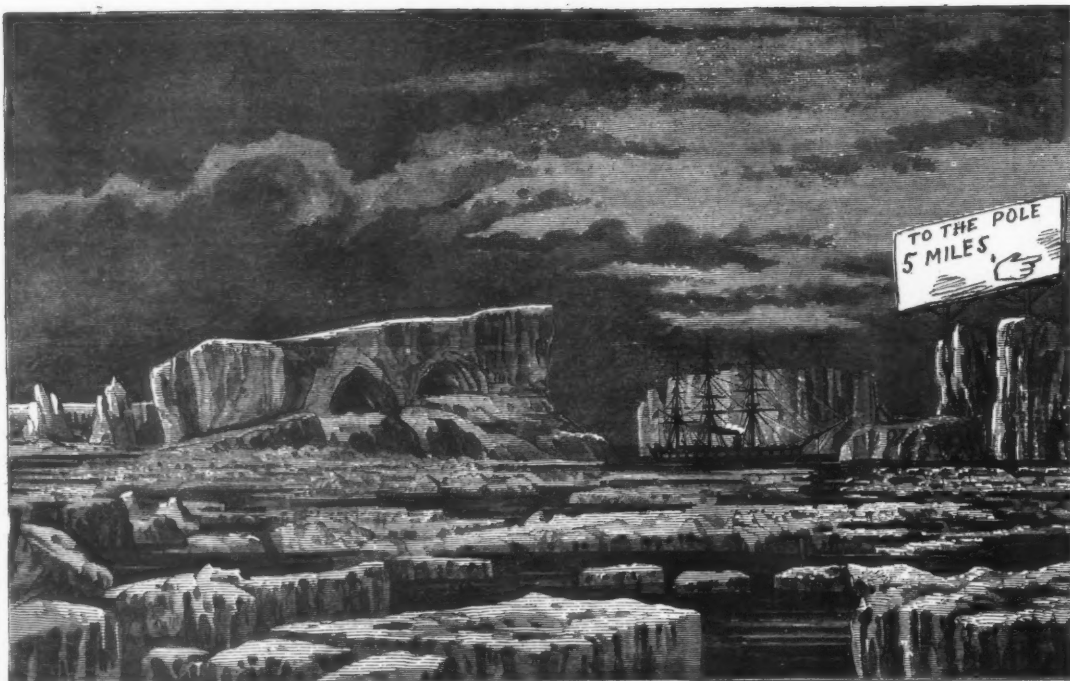
Life's Polar Expedition.

BY the time this reaches our readers, the *Same Old Game* will probably have reached the Pole. From the last reports she was only five miles away and still moving. Commander Hornblower is exceeding our wildest expectations, and the manner in which he is conducting the expedition shows his unexampled heroism and devotion to the art of advertising. Not a single scientific discovery has been made thus far which is of use to anyone, but on his return the American public will take



In lat. 99.99. Commander Hornblower takes his first and only bath.

Dec. 16.—There is trouble in the



LIFE'S POLAR EXPEDITION.—Almost there.

A Toast.

I DRINK to him who, when he knows he's wrong,

Has manliness enough to say so!

Whose Yes, when others dodge, is loud and strong—

Who, when he *thinks* No, will but *say* No!

I drink to him whose spoken Yea and Nay
Shelter no skulkers just behind them!

Whose sentiments are open as the day,
So those who seek can always find them!

I drink to him who to his own affairs

Pays sole and strict attention purely!

To him who deals not in his neighbor's wares!

For he's a *rara avis*, surely!

J. S. G.

THERE is abundance of stirring news from the Klondike; stories of impending starvation; of loot, despair, whiskey, nuggets, and high times. Food is very scarce; strong drink comparatively plentiful. Klondike promises to be almost as good as war as a means of furnishing occupation for persons of restless disposition who are insufficiently employed. Hundreds of thousands of men are going out there in the spring. A true air-line railroad—a cable on stilts—is to be built for the transmission of supplies over the pass, and there are to be doings and diggings of altogether unprecedented interest. Klondike is an amazing phenomenon. Its development, at high pressure, with all the resources of the

contemporary civilization lavishly employed, is going to be a wonderful object lesson. Perhaps gold enough will be thawed out up there next summer to establish on a permanent basis the reputation of Major McKinley as a precursor of prosperity. Wheat has helped the Major out this year, but cotton cloth sold in New England a fortnight ago at the lowest price it ever reached, and folks down East have been heard to sigh and wonder whether high protection has not been overpraised as a cure-all.

Seth Low.

THIS distinguished literary man was born at an early age within hearing of the City Hall, Brooklyn, and in his youth was a politician. He comes of wealthy and incorruptible parents, and when in his teens developed a talent for writing. He is the author of several well-known works, among others "My Inheritance," "Progress and Shekels," "His Majesty Myself," "Bucking the Tiger," "The Lost Cause," "The Straight and Narrow Way," and "Resignation."

Mr. Low recently retired from active affairs, and is now engaged in being President of Columbia College. This is a long distance from being President of the United States, but there seems to be no way of bridging over the chasm.

air, besides considerable frost. Paul Friture, *chef de cuisine*, was in charge of this vessel at the time Miss Sadie Greene, our interesting stowaway, was discovered. He now claims her by prior right of discovery. It needs no subtle insight to know that she loves me. My great love of science, the immense receipts I will gather in on my return, and my winning way, have all contributed to this result. But if Paul Friture is thwarted he may refuse to cook for us. Here is a dilemma. Life is not intolerable in these Arctic regions with three well-cooked and well-served meals a day, but deprive us of our food and we would indeed suffer.

Dec. 17.—Paul Friture came to me this morning with his ultimatum. He says it is Miss Sadie Greene or no food. Of course, in a case like this there is but one thing to do, and I shall use all the force of my acquired oratory on Miss Greene.

Dec. 18.—Miss Greene has solved the problem. She has consented to marry the chief cook on our return, provided he keeps on cooking. I hated to have her make the sacrifice, but she does it, she says, for my sake. The interests of science demand that I get back in good condition.

Dec. 19.—We have decided not to push on to the Pole for a few days. Miss Bunker is giving a progressive euchre party this evening, and to-morrow we are to have an iceberg luncheon. Please send Mrs. Hornblower my love. I am sorry sometimes that I didn't take her along with us, but there are times—



SETH LOW.

• LIFE



A CHRISTMAS

LIFE •



CHRISTMAS CAROL.



A Play by a Dramatic Critic.



"A WARD OF FRANCE" is not, as its name might imply, a minor division of a French city, nor a section in a French hospital, but a play which, according to the programme, was written by Mr. Eugene W. Presbrey and Mr. Franklin Fyles. Mr. Presbrey pleaded not guilty of complicity, as he did not do his part in the reply to the *claque's* demand for the author.

To explain any apparent favoritism in this notice of "A Ward of France," it may be well to state that Franklin Fyles is the legalized alias of a gentleman who is reputed to be the dramatic critic of the New York *Sun*, and who, as an employee of the deluded owners of that estimable journal, is believed to write favorable notices of plays produced by the Theatrical Trust. It is also believed that he writes the defenses of that organization and its methods, which appear at stated intervals in the *Sun's* columns. It is positively known that he claims the authorship of and presumably the pay for plays which are produced by the Trust or its members. The American stage needs intelligent, fearless and honest criticism. It cannot get it from critics who are under obligation to the Theatrical Trust for business favors. Therefore our readers will appreciate the difficulty of writing an absolutely fair notice in the present instance.

Fortunately, the task is not so difficult as it might seem, because "A Ward of France" is a bad play, even when judged by the most indulgent standards. Its plot is muddled, its dialogue is bombastic, and its most thrilling situations totter on the verge of the ridiculous. The scene is laid in New Orleans at the time when Louisiana was ceded to the United States by France. The play involves government by Spain, France, and the United States; also a large number of characters with divergent interests. It introduces religion, the race question, piracy, astrology, fortune-telling, and Yankee Doodle mixed up with the Ave Maria. Very few plays give so many different things for one price of admission, and "A Ward of France" leads to the belief that the Trust may be on the point of invading the field hitherto sacred to the dime museums, with their remarkable collection of freaks.

Clean-cut, strong, blood-curdling melodrama has a legitimate place on the stage, and is a welcome relief from the routine of everyday life; but a would-be-melodrama-if-it-could-be, like Mr. Fyles's conglomeration, has all the defects of melodrama with none of its redeeming features.

The Trust has given a sufficiently elaborate production to the intellectual offspring of its favorite newspaper representative. The scenery gives us new ideas of the luxury prevalent in New Orleans in 1803, including effects of electric lighting quite remarkable for that period. The cast contains a large number of names, many of them familiar more from long association with the stage than from ability, and many of them who were never heard of before and are not likely to be heard of again. The principal exceptions are Mr. Maurice Barrymore, who, as a devil-may-care pirate of the Gulf, is better fitted than usual, and Miss Elita Proctor Otis, who into the part of Zabet, a negro fortune-teller, throws more ability than it deserves.

LIFE predicts a long run for "A Ward of France"—not because the public will go to see it, but because in the present dangerous condition of its affairs the Theatrical Trust cannot afford to let a play written by an employee of the New York *Sun* be considered a failure.

* * *

WHEN the Theatrical Trust wishes to boom a play it covers the billboards with extracts from newspapers, selecting such words and parts of sentences as suit its purposes. The following selections from the notices of "A Ward of France" illustrate the system, although the Trust will probably not use exactly the same fragments.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"Abundant picturesqueness, color and spirit. Engrossing action and picturesque movement. The large audience received the play with enthusiastic favor."—Mr. Franklin Fyles's column in the New York *Sun*.

"A lot of arrant hypocrites who applauded enthusiastically at stated intervals just for the fun of the thing."

—The Morning Telegraph.

"Out of place on Broadway. But all sorts of pieces are to be seen nowadays at our best theatres."—The New York Herald.

"Simply a variation of the ancient theme."

—The Evening World.

"The scenes of the play . . . assist each other in their villainies."—The New York Journal.

"The story is slender."—The New York Tribune.

"It failed to hold the audience."—The New York Press.

"Pure theatricalism, and that of the most conventional sort."

—The New York Times.

"The authors of 'A Ward of France' . . . display so little knowledge of the tastes of those who attend the higher class theatres."—The New York World.

Metcalf.



ALWAYS THOUGHTFUL.

Finished.

THE muscles of my arms are sore,
My head is full of pain,
And I'm afraid that never more
I'll use my back again.

There is a hoarseness down below,
My conscience quick declares;
It is a punishment, you know,
That comes to him who swears.

My neck upon an angle's set
Of 45°,
And somehow I don't seem to get
Much action in my knees.

Yet on this glorious Christmas Day
My heart remains undimmed,
For now at last I'm glad to say
That Christmas tree is trimmed.



"PA, DOES SANTA CLAUS COME ON A WHEEL?"
Pater (absently): YES, I BELIEVE SO.

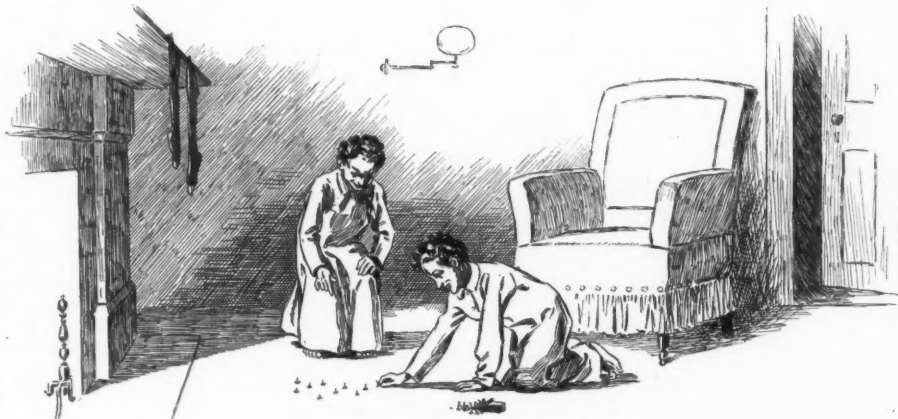
Revelations

Expected.

RUMOR has it that the period for which Dr. Nansen reserved to himself the exclusive right to publish to the world his adventures in the North has nearly expired, and that the crew of the *Fram* are about to place their journals and biographies on the market. It will be interesting to see how much Farthest North the dear public can digest. It grows more and more clear that the business end of Arctic exploration is at last appreciated at its true value. It is matter of recent news that Captain Sverdrup proposes an expedition to a section of the Arctic waste already preëmpted by Lieutenant Peary, and that Peary is out with a remonstrance. We shall need presently a Board of Arctic Estimate and Appraisal to settle on the property rights of explorers, and lay out the Arctic Ocean like a big oyster-bed, with definite holdings for each adventurer. The prospect now is that when the North Pole is found there will be very much such a scene around it as occurs when a pack of hounds finally comes up with the fox.

HE: I hate to be squeezed in a crowded theatre like this—don't you?

SHE: Yes. There are too many people around.



"HE WON'T GET AWAY FROM US THIS TIME."



AND HE DIDN'T.



"WHY DO YOU START OUT ON SUCH A WET NIGHT, CHRIS?"
 "OH, I DON'T MIND. YOU KNOW I'M ACCUSTOMED TO THE rein-deer."

Christmas Unalloyed.

WITH satisfaction quite complete my Christmas dinner I
 can eat,
 The joys and delectations of the season I am deep in.
 A sense of duty that's well done prepares me for the round of fun;
 Within my heart there is no room for carking care to peep in.
 There may be others now who quake with burdens that they
 cannot shake,
 And shapes of such proportions even Yule-tide cannot hide
 them.

There may be those who do not glow at thought of snow and
 mistletoe
 And other joys of Christmas, and who cannot quite abide them.
 But as for me, with smile serene and rapture that's alive and keen,
 I hail the present joyous time which so long I have prayed for.
 For though at times I have been slow, with joy I'd like to have
 you know
 The Christmas presents that I bought last year have all been
 paid for.

Tom Masson.



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Equally nourishing and refreshing—

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The athlete's "stand-by."

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Domestic Made Muslin Under-
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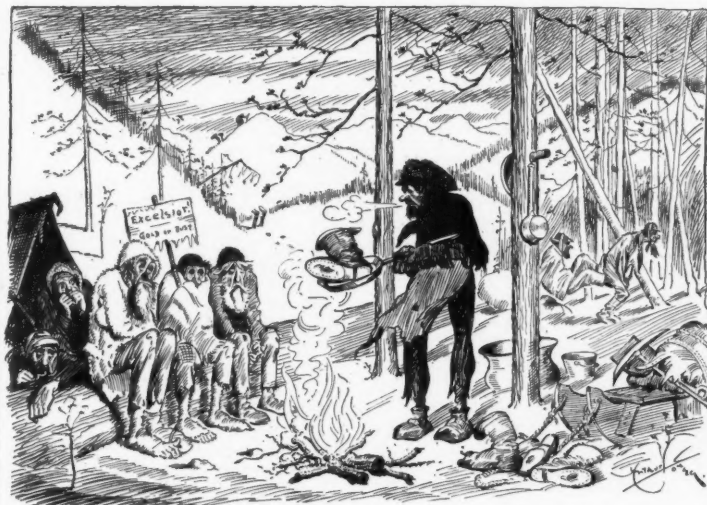
Paris Made Underwear,
Silk Petticoats, Tea Gowns,
Peignoirs.

Cashmere House Robes,
Flannel Wrappers.

CORSETS.

Broadway & 19th St.

NEW YORK.



Cook (addressing a Klondike party): BOYS, HOW WILL YOU HAVE YOUR BOOTS COOKED—
FRIED ON ONE SIDE, OR TURNED OVER ?

Pears'

means cleanliness.

Oh, to feel clean !

Who wouldn't use
Pears' Soap when
it's so economical,
luxurious, healthful,
cleansing.

Delicate skins de-
mand Pears' Soap.
Is your's delicate?

Wears to the thinness of
a wafer. Avoid substitutes.

Pears' (the original) Shaving Stick
is unrivalled.

Sold everywhere—Used everywhere.

The "Popular Shop."

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OF THINGS GOOD TO GIVE

(collected abroad by Mr. McHugh.)

and plainly marked at reasonable prices.

ENGLISH Secretaries, Work Tables and
Screens of Mahogany, Library Tables and
Fire-side Seats of Carved Oak, "Liberty" and
"Della Robbia" Pottery.

FRENCH Cabinets for Writing Tables;
Novel Colorings in Malacca Cane Chairs;
The "Cyprus" Pottery in Antique Shapes.

DUTCH Oak Platter Racks and Dressers;
Old Time Hanging Clocks from Friesland;
"Holland" Pottery from Utrecht, Delft and
The Hague; Painted Glass Screens and
Panels from Amsterdam.

FLEMISH Beaten Brass Placques and
Boxes; Pewter Plates, Mugs and Jugs.

RUSSIAN Silver and Brass Tall Candle-
sticks; Scones and Flower Vases.

HUNGARIAN Painted Furniture of Curious
Design; Decorated Peasant Pottery of Un-
usual Fashion; Handwrought Rugs and Door
Curtains; Examples of Antique Embroid-
eries.

DAMASCENE Mosque Lamps of Painted
Glass

Always on view.

The good Wicker Furniture, the London
Draught Scenes, the "Liberty" Velvet
Cushions and the Comfortable Table Seats.

Leisurely Inspection is Cordially Invited.

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42d ST. W., Wall Papers and "Liberty"
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AND

ROAD WAGONS.

The Acknowledged Standard.

It having been brought to our
notice that we are being con-
founded with a defunct concern
formerly advertising a similar
name, we would inform the public
that we are still at the above loca-
tion, where we have been for over
twenty-five years.

JACK.

SHE laid her head against his coat,
And as her soft glance grew remote
Jack heard her say,
"I know, dear, what your eyes have said,
I can't mistake what I have read."
Jack turned away.

He knew he acted like a brute,
Still speechless and irresolute
Jack saw her pale;
She drew his head against her cheek,
And though he found no words to speak,
Jack wagged his tail.

—A. W. Jackson.

"No," said Evangeline Glendenning, as she looked down at the floor and nervously twisted her slim little fingers, "no, Alfred, I am sorry, but it cannot be."

Alfred Doncaster had loved the beautiful girl from the moment he had first seen her, and he had fondly believed that she looked upon him with more than ordinary favor.

But now his hopes lay shattered, and the future stretched out black before him.

The strong, handsome young man sighed and was silent for a long time. At last the sweet maiden said:

"Try to be brave, Alfred. Look at me. See how I am bearing up."

He turned towards her in wonder, and said:

"Why should you bid me do this? What have you to bear up under?"

She shrank back a little and replied:

"Oh, Alfred, if you only knew!"

"Evangeline!" he cried, catching her in his arms, and holding her in a strong embrace, "you love me! Ah, darling, you cannot hide the truth from me! Tell me it is so."

"Yes," she whispered, "I love you, Alfred."

"Oh, heaven!" he groaned, "this is terrible—terrible! Oh, if you only hated me—loathed me! Then my fate would be less bitter."

She was frightened, and drew away from him.

"Why," she asked, "do you want me to hate you?"

"Ah," he answered, "I might bear my own burden; but how can I survive, knowing that you, too, suffer?"

"Yet why should either of us suffer?" the trembling girl inquired.

"Evangeline!" he almost hissed, "do not jest with me! Why should we suffer? Are we not to be—"

"Oh," she interrupted, "you're not going to let a little bluff stop you right at the start, are you? Did you want me to tumble into your arms the first thing, as if I had been merely waiting for the word? You must be new at the business."

Then she became so angry that it took Alfred Doncaster nearly seven minutes to win her back again.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

IN THEIR STATEROOM: Brown—Confound you, you're using my toothbrush!

Sonderhausen—I beg your pardon. I tinked it vos ze ship's.—Pick-Me-Up.

HOTEL VENDOME-BOSTON

Accessible location, excellent table, prompt service.



"There was one thing which surprised me," said a returned traveler a few days ago, "and that was to see

WALDEN COGNAC

on sale in the best hotels and cafés in Germany, Norway, Sweden and Russia. It seemed to an American like sending coals to Newcastle."

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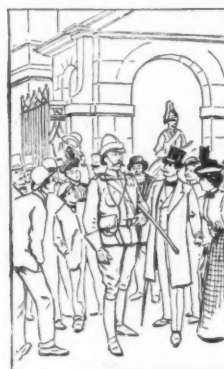


JANUARY

Roden's Corner

a new novel by

HENRY SETON MERRIMAN



The location of the story is in London and The Hague. It is rich in incident and character.

The illustrations were drawn by T. de Thulstrup, from studies made in Holland and London.

The New Northwest

By J. A. WHELOCK

(Editor of the "Pioneer Press" of St. Paul, Minn.)

A Group of Players

Massai's Crooked Trail

By Laurence Hutton. Handsomely ill'd. Written and ill'd by Frederic Remington.

SHORT STORIES

The Sixth Sense, by MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE; Between the Lines at Stone River, by Captain F. A. MITCHEL; The Blazing Hen-coop, by OCTAVE THANET; The King of Beaver, by MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD; Margrave, Bachelor, by CLARA MAYNARD PARKER; A Holiday Episode, by JOHN C. OCHILTREE.

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of Illustrations that have appeared in LIFE, by
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An opportunity is afforded to obtain these clever
black and white sketches at excep-
tionally low prices.



THE LATEST VICTIM.

Father: WHAT! GOING TO KLONDIKE! AND IF YOU GET THERE AND FIND NO GOLD, AND BEGINNING TO STARVE, THEN WHAT WILL YOU DO, MISS?

Miss: MARRY THE MAN WHO HAS FOUND SOME GOLD, OF COURSE.—From Fun.



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Would not such a drink put new life into the tired woman who has shopped all day? Would it not be the drink to offer to the husband when he returns home after his day's business?

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9 Cliff St., New York, Sept. 15th, 1896.

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Style combined with comfort and service as in no others. . . .

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Easy and
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Cannot Unfasten
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"Your subscription expired December 1st."

WHAT a bereavement this for me!
Alas, I am undone!
Life without LIFE, anomaly!
A farce without its fun.

Was there no kind hand to apply
The healing cataplasm?
A simple "V" used speedily
Had chequed that mortal spasm.

Herewith I send it on. Death grants
Reprieves to our rogation.
What seems demise may be, perchance,
Suspended animation.

—J. B. G.

THE MATHEMATICS OF A COCKTAIL.

Nothing is more positive in results or dryer to handle than figures. You can always prove them. Weights and measures we must have, or your neighbors' buying and selling ideas would vary. Ask anyone to measure out a pint, or guess at the weight of any article. How near do they come to it? Do you think that the bartender can measure out exactly forty drops every time?

Between the accuracy of weights and measures and your guess or the bartender's, lies an essential difference between the Heublein Club Cocktails and all others. Your eye and hand cannot be depended upon like weights and measures used in the mixing of cocktails in quantity. Heublein's Club Cocktails are always uniform—always the same. Then, again, a Cocktail is a blend of liquors; all blends improve with age. You can't get much age in a cocktail you mix yourself or at a bar. The Heublein Club Cocktails, made from the best liquors, blend and improve with age.

If you are a wise citizen you know about the Heublein Club Cocktails—how good they are, and how convenient to have in your home.

If your favorite cocktail is a Manhattan, Martini, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin, Vermouth or York, you have your choice.

A story about lawyers is contributed by a Western correspondent. Mr. Babson, we will call him, was a young lawyer of the town where the court was held, while the opposing counsel, Mr. Carter, was a much better known attorney of a neighboring city.

Mr. Babson was addressing the jury, and having explained a point of law to the jurors, he turned to Mr. Carter with the words:

"Isn't that right?"

Mr. Carter thought that he had a very verdant subject on his hands, and with a smile of conscious superiority replied:

"I have an office in C., and if you have any legal problems that you desire to have solved, I shall be pleased to enlighten you, for a financial consideration."

Not in the least abashed, Mr. Babson drew from his pocket a ten-cent piece, and held it out toward Mr. Carter with the words:

"Here, tell us what you know and hand back the change."—*Youth's Companion*.

WHEN Lord Dufferin was Viceroy of India, he had a "shikarry," or sporting servant, whose special duty was to attend the visitors at the vice-regal court on their shooting excursions. Returning one day from one of these expeditions, the shikarry encountered the Viceroy, who, full of courteous solicitude for his guests' enjoyment, asked: "Well, what sort of sport has Lord — had?" "Oh," replied the scrupulously polite Indian, "the young Sahib shot divinely, but God was very merciful to the birds."—*Exchange*.

"CROKER says he can live more cheaply in London than in New York."

"Yes; but he can't make so much."

—*Chicago Evening Post*.

"WHY," asked the curious person, "do you managers always take your shows out of town for their first performances?"

"Because," said the manager, "we know that if an outside town will stand a show without killing the company, New York will be perfectly delighted with it."

—*Indianapolis Journal*.

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The New Hammondsport Wine Co.
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During 1898 you will find in The Cosmopolitan the work of the most famous novelists; the best examples of modern art; delightful travel sketches and pictures of remote lands; articles on manly and womanly exercise and recreation, on philosophy, and on the religious, educational, social and business movements. At \$1.00 a year it is rapidly traveling toward the half-million mark. Address

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Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
All Others are Imitations

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And everybody who wants
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Chicago.



RENEW your hair and you renew your youth. Age is marked by sparse and scanty locks, gray or whitening hair. The only bar to renewing the hair is to find the hair renewer.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER

is just what its name implies—a hair renewer. It makes new hair by nourishing the shrunken roots. It strengthens the hair-producing organs, the secretions of the follicles recommence, a new supply of natural coloring matter is provided, and grayness gives way before growth. Used as a dressing, it prevents the thinning and falling of the hair, and preserves the scalp clean, healthy, and free from dandruff.

"I have used Hall's Hair Renewer for the last thirty-five years, and I know it will do all that it is recommended to do. It will restore the color, cure dandruff, and prevent the hair from falling out. I believe I would to-day be bald headed and gray if it had not been for the use of Hall's Hair Renewer. It will certainly restore the color, and I don't hesitate to recommend it."—R. M. TUCKER, M. D., Helena, Ala.

"Many years ago, the writer, who had lost almost all of his hair, had restored to him a luxuriant growth of hair by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer."—SOLON S. GOODE, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"I have been using your Hair Renewer for several months, and find it one of the best cures for dandruff in existence, and have caused a number of persons to try it. They all recommend it highly."—I. M. RANDOLPH, Brookfield, Linn Co., Mo.

"Some time since I had a hard case of fever and was sick for seven weeks. When I began to amend my hair came out and left me entirely bald. I used one bottle of Hall's Hair Renewer and my hair came back as thick as ever. I consider Hall's Hair Renewer the finest of hair preparations."—A. A. HARPER, Florist, 1724 East 6th Avenue, Pine Bluff, Ark.

Prepared by R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.